

The Critic and Good Literature

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SPECIMEN copies of this number of THE CRITIC will be sent to prominent representatives of educational interests in this country. It is the publishers' belief that the merits of the paper will appeal so forcibly to this class of readers—many of whom are already on THE CRITIC'S subscription list—that they will take pleasure in becoming regular subscribers. To those who desire to know the paper thoroughly before subscribing for a longer period, it will be sent for six months (July 1 to December 31, 1884), on receipt of one dollar.

The Pronunciation of American Names.

A FEW years ago *Punch* printed a clever little poem containing such English names as Cholmondeley, Marjoribanks, and Featherstonhaugh, and proceeded to scan it in two ways, first by orthography, and second by actual pronunciation. Most visitors to England feel the need of some such advice concerning the mysteries of British spoken speech; and it was not strange that a puzzled American editor, remarking upon the name of that pleasant writer, Mr. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P., once expressed himself as in doubt whether the proper pronunciation of the gentleman's name might not prove to be Smith. A good deal of light has been thrown upon this strange orthoepical question by the publication in London of an enlarged edition of Robert Hope's 'Glossary of Dialectal Place-Nomenclature,' to which is appended a 'list of family surnames pronounced differently from what the spelling suggests.' The book has obvious faults; its lists are defective; sometimes the name and pronunciation are transposed; and no indication is given concerning the prevalence of the pronunciations noted, or their place in cultured or merely popular speech. But as an essay toward the elucidation of an interesting question, the work has a genuine value.

Mr. Hope's glossary makes plain, once more, the fact that dialectal varieties of pronunciation are less noticeable in the great territory of the United States than in the small domain of the British Isles. Theoretically, a great nation, including elements from almost every people of the globe, comprising territory originally settled by English, Dutch, French, Swedish, and Spanish colonists, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, ought to contain many English dialects not mutually intelligible; but as a matter of fact the variations in speech between Boston and San Francisco, Chicago and New Orleans, Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, are small. In English—setting aside mongrel dialects of German and other languages—we can point to few American changes of pronunciation equivalent to those common in Great Britain. Mr. Hope, for instance, reminds us that in the mother-country Cholmondeley and Cholmeley are pronounced Chumly; Woodnesborough, Winsbro; Woodmancote, Woodmucket; Wymondham, Windum; Yaddlethorpe, Yalthrup; Gainsborough, Gainsber; Glencoin, Lenkerrin; Grassington, Girstun; Haddiscoe, Hadsker; Gunthwaite, Gunfit; Eskdale, Ashdale; Brampton Brian, Brawn; Brighthelmstone, Brytun; Hallahon, Horn; Meddlethorpe, Threlthrup; Marylebone, Marrowbone; Ulrome,

Ooram; Uttoxeter, Tuxiter; Rampisham, Ransom; Pevensey, Pinsky; Coxwold, Cookwood; Crostwright, Corsit; Holdsworth, Holder; and so on at great length. Plainly, there are no such variations in America. The English reader of Bryant, Longfellow, or even Whitman, Harte, and Joaquin Miller, will fall into no difficulties corresponding to those which the American reader encounters amid English literary names. How is he to know that Skiddaw is to be read Skiddy; Kirkcudbright, Kircoobry; or Ilkley, Eethla? With Mr. Gladstone we are bound to say Hard'n; if we read about the Hares, let us think of Harsmonncy, not Hurstmonceaux; if we follow the lanes of Surrey, with some pedestrian author, let us say Artfold, not Alford; Mr. Morley hopes for, and Mr. Ruskin despairs of, Brummajum for Birmingham; and with Wordsworth we must wander by the Döve.

In America, indeed, is a tendency to pronounce phonetically names which in England have long been divorced, in speech, from any strict union with their written form. Thus we say Derby, not Darby; Berkeley, not Barclay; Beaconsfield, not Bëaconsfield; Bartholomew, not Battlemore; Bethune (usually), not Beaton; Cowper, not Cooper; Derwent, not Darwent; Goddard, not Gothard; Hobart, not Hubbert; Home, not Hume; Mainwaring, not Mannerling; Saint John, not Sinjun; and Heathcote, not Hethcut. Beauchamp, Knollys, Urquhart, Wemyss, Wolseley, Brougham, Colquhoun (sometimes spelled Cohoon), Froude, Coutts, and Somers are of course the same in both countries. Vaughan and Strahan Mr. Hope calls Vorn and Strawn; in America the pronunciation is Vawn and Strawn. On the other hand, Dëvnport for Davenport survives in some parts of the United States. Perhaps the most striking difference between American and English pronunciation is our growing tendency to accent the last syllable of proper names—Burnett, for instance, Parnell, Goodell, Davitt, etc. How soon we shall attack such names as Lowell remains to be seen. Without dwelling longer upon the details of a subject which is practically endless, and open to a multitude of criticisms and corrections, I will give a small list of dialectal place-pronunciations in America, which may serve as a sample of what might be done in this interesting line of research. It will hardly justify the statement, sometimes made, that the inhabitants of every place mispronounce its name, but will show some curiosities of utterance. I have tried to give the usual local pronunciation among all classes, save where otherwise noted:

Arkansas, Ar'kansaw (this pronunciation, once dying out, is apparently reviving again); Augusta, Me., Augus'ty (final *a* is usually pronounced *y* by the less educated; in this and similar words the 'remnant' give the correct pronunciation); Barre, Vt., Bar'rë; Bath, Pa., Bahs (by the German Moravians); Bethlehem, Pa., Beslem (by the German Moravians); Biddeford, Me., Bid'defud; Billerica, Mass., Bil'ricky, or Bilrick'y; Bordentown, N. J., Birdentown (by the oldest inhabitants); Boscawen, N. H., Boskwine; Bowdoin College, Me., Bodn; Braintree, Mass., Braintry; Braintree, Vt., Bräntry; Brunswick, Me., Brumzick (common uncultivated pronunciation); Cairo, Ill., Cäro; Chatham, Mass., Chat'ham (syllables distinct); Chelmsford, Mass., Chemzfud; Chicago, Ill., Shicaw'go; Chichester, N. H., Chichster; Chincoteague I., Va., Chinktig'g; Cincinnati, O., Sinsinnah'ta; Claremont, N. H., Clär'emont (usually); Coenties Slip, N. Y. City, Quinzy Slip; Concord, N. H. and Mass., Congcud; Connecticut, Connecticut; Coos County, N. H., Co-os'; Corinth, Vt., Corinth'; Dakota, Dahko'tah (the original *k* is given by Indian missionaries and local residents); Framingham, Mass., Främingham (occasional); Gallipolis, O., Gallypoleece' (sometimes Gallypolis'); Galena, Ill., Gleeny (occasional); Greenwich, Conn., Grënitich (occasional); Groton, Mass., Grötn; Hartsville, Mass. (and words in -ville), Hartsvil'; Haverhill, Mass., Hävril; Ipswich, Mass., Ipsitch, or Ipswitch; Jaffrey, N. H., Jeffrey; Joliet, Ill., Jollyet'; Leominster, Mass., Lëm'inster; Louisville, Ky., Loutvil, or Louisvil, indifferently; Manchester, Vt., Manches'ter; Manitoba, Manitobah'; Marblehead, Mass., Mobbl'ed'; Marlborough, Mass., Mahlb'ro; Mount Desert, Me., Mount Dessert'; Nahant, Mass., Nahahnt (native), Nahawnt (aristocratic visitor), Nahänt (average visitor); Nashua, N. H.,

Nashooā (general); Norwich, Vt., and Conn., Nor'rich, Nor'witch, and Norridge (in Norwich, Greenwich, etc., the second pronunciation is gaining); Newark, N. J., New'uk; Ogunquit, Gungkit; Olean, N. Y., O-le-an'; Palmer, Mass., Pal'mer (I sounded); Pembroke, N. H., Pembroke; Pictou, N. S., Pigtoe (common); Piqua, O., Pigway (common); Pittsfield, N. H., Pitchfield (quite common); Port Jervis, Port Jarvis (occasional); Portsmouth, N. H., Porchmuth (by the majority); Quincy, Mass., Quinzy; Reading, Pa., Redding; Royalston, Mass., Roilstun; Saccarappa, Me., Sacarap'; Saco, Me., Sawco; Salisbury, N. H., Saulsbry (sometimes Salsbry); Sault, Soo (in Canadian place-names); Schuylkill, Pa., Schoolkill; St. Louis, Mo., St. Louie and St. Louis, indifferently; Tappan, N. Y., Tappan'; Taunton, Mass., Tahntun; Thames R., Conn., Thames St., Newport, R. I., the American tendency is to say Tames; Thetford, Vt., Thidfid, common; Utah, Youtah and Youtaw, indifferently; Waltham, Mass., Wallthām (second syllable plain); Weirs, N. H., Wares, Weers, and Wires; *the* usually prefixed; Westmoreland, N. Y., West'moreland; Wilmot, N. H., Wilmont; Winnepiseogee, N. H., Winnepesawky; Woburn, Mass., Wooburn; Woolwich, Me., Woolwitch; Worcester, Mass., Wooster (the town in Ohio is spelled Wooster).

This very incomplete list is of course used for illustration merely; it might be extended a hundred-fold. In family names, as in place-names, the American pronunciation more nearly approaches the phonetic standard than does the English, notwithstanding the Virginian Tagliaferro, pronounced Tölliver. The name of the poet Whittier's family is sometimes pronounced Whitcher, which spelling is adopted by some branches of it. Cariell is pronounced Carl; Clough is given three pronunciations: Cluf, Clow, and Cloo; Currier is called Kier in parts of New Hampshire; Dougherty is usually called Dockerty, and sometimes spelled Docharty. Such a French name as Delaître becomes Delight, and Bergeron, Bazro. Changes of spelling sometimes follow, as was illustrated by the experience of a man formerly in my father's employ. His name was Charbonnier, but the villagers of his own rank, being unable to pronounce it, quietly supplied him with a Christian name and a surname from its ruins, and he duly accepted the new designation of Charley Bunnell!

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

Reviews

"Lal."*

THE success of Dr. Hammond's novel is greatly due to its having a large general plan to which the detail is properly subordinated. The problem which the author set for himself was the situation of a Polish noble entitled to bear twenty-four quarterings of nobility on his coat-of-arms, but unable in his own country to say what he wished to say or do what he wished to do, without penalties of which he had already had painful experience. He determines, for the sake of the repose necessary for writing his book and the liberty essential for his freedom of speech, to buy a ranch in the loneliest region of Colorado. The feminine part of the problem should be a girl brought up in the wilds of Colorado, but with a nature to turn to the first warm rays of culture and gentleness that fall upon her from the grace of a polished gentleman. What would happen to these people under such circumstances? The problem is interesting.

Dr. Hammond's hero urged, as one motive for finally giving up the writing of a book, that 'he knew the critics would give opinions about it according to their preconceived notions or their personal feelings.' Dr. Hammond himself can hardly expect many of his critics to judge his pictures of Colorado 'roughing' from personal knowledge of saloons where the bar-keeper on being asked why he is sweeping out so many good grapes on the floor, answers with some contempt, 'Them ain't grapes! them's *eyes*! we had a kind of a little shindy here las' night, an' them's *eyes*,

them is!' And the doctor will probably be ready to forgive those of his critics whose 'preconceived notions' of roughs, derived from conscientious perusal of Bret Harte and John Hay, pronounce his own sketches good and reliable. Dr. Hammond's incidents may have been planned in a New York library and his dialect studied from literary models; but they do not savor of books or of bookworms, and are as entertaining, and as sympathetic, as anything of the kind we have seen. The comprehension of the trials and temptations of Western 'roughs,' of their singular intellectual ability when it comes to circumventing each other, of their remarkable codes of honor and the way in which they deceive their own consciences as well as their friends and enemies, betrays a remarkable knowledge of human nature. We have here all the good points we have been taught to associate with this roughest sort of life: the remnants of culture illustrated in the very name 'Lal,' not to be thought of as the familiar 'Sal' of low life in London or New York, but a shortening of 'Lalla Rookh,' for whom the Western mother who had known better days had named her girl; the gratitude of the rough who did not hesitate to steal every valuable of a new-comer but who restored it all of his own accord on learning that his victim was the friend of a doctor who had saved his little child's life; the remnant of respectability in one who would have committed murder to secure what he had come for, but who proves the most reliable of guards for the house he had tried to rob, when put upon his honor to guard it; the friendliness of the rogue willing to look upon the man who has not quite strangled him as having, as it were, saved his life, by not finishing the grip.

But in addition to this the book exhibits two higher qualities. First, the author has shown the rare ability to interest us in his villains not by showing that they have many good qualities, nor by redeeming their long lives of wickedness by one splendid heroic act, but by interesting us in their very villainy. This sounds a little horrible, but we mean by it the art of Jefferson when he compels us, without any sense of impropriety, to fall in love at his instigation with a miserable, 'shif-less' old drunkard. In this sense, Mr. Jim Bosler is almost Dr. Hammond's real hero. He is an unmitigated scamp, but it is impossible not to enjoy him, even in the scene after his wife's death when he tries to cajole Lal into a hateful marriage. The lie that he tells her, wronging the dead as well as the living, is atrocious, almost incredible; but merely as a *literary lie*, it fills one with something of the same enjoyment with which one reads of Mr. Bosler's surreptitious drink when he found the bar-keeper asleep, returning outside the door to wake him up with a tremendous knocking, to obtain in addition the legitimate equivalent of whiskey for his 'two bits.' Secondly, as literary art with a moral, Dr. Hammond never fails to remind us that the life of these roughs is not a desirable thing. He sprinkles some of his villains with good qualities, and implies that the roughs elected Tyscovus as 'member of the Fourth Deestrick' to the Territorial Council out of respect for an honest man as well as for 'one as could lick Luke Kittle' in physical combat, and he interests us in one villain who has not a single good quality; but he never forgets that such life, if not utterly debased, is debasing; that in the long run respectability, touched here and there with the frailties of human nature, is better than lawlessness offset by one or two grandly heroic acts. The woman who marries a man with conscience so seared that he considers himself not blameworthy for an abominable act because he 'wur not one as 'd do it ef he wur free to act,' 'free to act' meaning if he had been left unbribed, will sink to his level, and gradually excuse him for murder in his horse-thieving operations with the palliating circumstance of Jim's being 'as harmless as a babe when he was after a hoss, ef they 'd let him alone; but when they drawn on him it warn't in human natur' not to draw back.' It is needless to explain that in the Colorado vernacular

*Lal. By William A. Hammond, M.D. \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

'draw back' has not the significance of the same words as used in New England.

Dr. Hammond's ostensible hero is really only the hero in contributing the situation. Tyscovus himself does not interest us much, but the situation is delicious. The exiled Pole who buys a Colorado ranch for repose, and comes to the United States for liberty of speech, is visited on the night of his arrival at the ranch by a vigilance committee who very nearly hang him for the wrong man, and while still composing the opening sentence of his great book on Socialism, he is almost murdered by a robber who has come for his mss. He is nominated for the Territorial Council by a caucus that, calling for 'contrary opinion' and hearing a single 'No,' puts out the one man in the minority because it 'ain't goin' to let no such person interfere with the liberty of speech in this free country,' and he finally gives up his literary work and enters politics, probably with a realizing sense of what form the resentment of his 'constituents' might take if he refused to 'run.' All this gives the author an excellent opportunity to contrast the tyranny of despotism in the old world with the tyranny of public opinion in the new, and it is admirably done (to the complete vindication of the sort of tyranny to which we submit in the States) in a conversation between Tyscovus and Dr. Willis. There are two pages of this conversation which we wish we could quote in full.

It is a pity that work so fine as this should have any blemish, but the blemishes are as bad in their way, and as extreme, as the excellence. The melodramatic clap-trap about Lal's parentage is so poor and so unnecessary, that it would have put us out of patience with the whole book if it had not appeared just as we were closing it, and the episode of Theodora—which is, we suspect, one of Dr. Hammond's pet parts in the book—is, like almost all pet parts, the poorest of the whole. We really cannot stand Theodora; not that we object in the least to her knowing all things and dissecting all things if she wants to, but we do object to her being disagreeable. It is in vain for Dr. Hammond to tell us that she was beautiful and wore good gowns, and to assure us that she was not a prig; we do not feel the beauty nor see the gowns, and as she appears in the book she is a prig. The very way in which she says 'papa' is exasperating, and although the Theodora-Lal problem, as it affected the hero, was a good idea in itself, it is not well carried out, the hero's shilly-shallying being inexcusable in the rapidity of his veering.

"In the Tennessee Mountains."*

AFTER ALL, what do we mean by literary training? It is what we profess to trace in the work of older writers who please us, and what we are surprised to find brilliant younger writers doing without. But if we stop to think about it, have we really ever been able to see the growth that comes from experience with the pen? Did Emerson ever learn to round a period, or Charles Reade to soften his brusque first utterance? Were the rhythmic sentences of Adam Bede and Silas Marner any less rhythmic than those of Daniel Deronda? Did Longfellow ever write anything carelessly? Did Macaulay, and Hawthorne, and Walter Scott learn gradually to astonish us with matchless combinations of simple words? Alas! no. Those of us trying to solace ourselves for the fact that we have no literary style by the thought that we are probably acquiring it, may as well acknowledge with a sigh that style, like genius, is born and not made.

And yet, when work like that of Charles Egbert Craddock—the most delicately perfect of its kind—begins slowly, unobtrusively and unannounced, to slip into the magazines, it is impossible not to turn to each other and ask wonderingly in what secret hiding-place, what secure literary workshop, this artist has learned his trade and mastered his art,

so that he can appear before us with perfection as his first public effort. Is it at all probable that he can point to the stories now bound together with the title 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' and assure us: 'These are my failures; these are my first attempts to write a book?' And if they are, what will he be able to give us before he dies? Nothing better, we are sure. And of this delicate perfection perhaps the most conspicuous element is the great beauty of the style. Not by any means that the author is one of those who say nothing, but say it so beautifully that you long to have them speak again; for there is always a definite impression, a stirring event or an heroic act, which is the groundwork for the beautiful style; but certainly one takes the book up gratefully with remembrance first of a charming effect upon the senses when one reads these quiet stories one by one in the magazines. They are studies of low life, the author's creed being that 'the grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that Nature can do in her higher moods.' Each of his stories embodies one of these 'higher moods' in some uneducated, simple heart or soul, and includes, beside the study of the single incident, a great deal of humor and amusing dialect, with most exquisite effects in descriptions of scenery. The mingling of the finest literary art with the simplest material is especially effective because each is kept distinct in itself. The humble characters are left to tell their own story in their own way, the author breaking off from them completely when he means to give us a nocturne of dreamy and delicious description, never pretending for a moment that his Enoch Ardens see all in the scenery that he does. He is the Bret Harte of the Tennessee Mountains, but he has in his own right a genius that would have found some of its material wherever it searched, even were it reduced to that other theme, 'the best that art can do, the polish of a gentleman.'

"A Walk in Hellas."*

ONE can hardly find in these days a sunnier book than Mr. Denton J. Snider has made of 'A Walk in Hellas.' The fine bright skies of Greece, and the careless, lazy life of the modern Greeks, seem to have united in fixing the writer's mood, which is one of dreamy saunter and contemplation, quite suited to the country which he describes and to the memories called up by the name of Hellas. He has hit the true tone very happily in his treatment of the two distinct yet related lands—the old Greece and the new. The traveller in a country at once so enlightened and so benighted, so insignificant to-day yet so luminous with beauty in the past, has no right to connect the people too closely with the quick currents of modern civilization. To go through the land as if he were laying out a railroad, or surveying for a land grab or a mining venture, would be a treatment wholly at variance with all the interests which we seek in the ancient country of Pericles and Hesiod, Epaminondas and Demosthenes. Mr. Snider has found the happy mean, and gives us, with the eye of a painter and the sense of a poet, a quiet but suggestive picture of life as it is, tinged with life as it has been handed down in the books. That is, he saunters through middle Greece—from Athens to Delphi, past Marathon and Plataea, Chæronea and Parnassus,—letting us into the huts and homes, the games and ceremonies, the religion and the brigandage, the customs and talk of the people, and at the same time, through his own pleasant store of knowledge and a certain habit of philosophizing, inviting us to compare our present impressions through the senses with those obtained by a study of the classics. He is a genial, good-natured traveller, who must have made his way comfortably for himself among the curious folk of Hellas, and who has the excellent faculty of making it equally comfortable for his readers.

*In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*A Walk in Hellas. By Denton J. Snider, \$2.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"History, and the Study of History."*

PROF. WM. P. ATKINSON, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, publishes in book-form three lectures 'On History and the Study of History.' They are intended, not to convey historical information, but to convince students who 'hate history,' and who think because they are studying to become architects, chemists or engineers, that they can give up everything not bearing directly on their specialty, of the importance of a study whose greatest service is, 'not so much to increase our knowledge, as to stimulate thought and broaden our intellectual horizon.' The little book is sensible, timely and interesting. The author reminds his students that history is not a mere accumulation of facts and dates, such as 'Edward II. was born in 1284 and came to the throne in 1307,' and he assures them that between two engineers, one of whom has devoted himself wholly to engineering and the other of whom has included with engineering a liberal education in poetry, philosophy, history, etc., the one knowing most about things outside of engineering, other things being equal, will be, not only the wiser man, but the better engineer. The popular fancy takes so readily to 'an elective system in study, which is a great gain on the forced 'cram' of the past, that we are in danger, as Prof. Atkinson wisely reminds us, of going to the other extreme. Lads need to be drilled in precisely the studies that they do not take to naturally, and the much-praised elective system gives them opportunities, not so much to cultivate a natural bent, as to select for themselves a 'soft thing.'

Marion Harland's "Cookery for Beginners."*

MARIAN HARLAND has prepared a small book of 'Cookery for Beginners,' giving practical instruction as well as receipts. It is intended, she says, for 'young housekeepers,' whether those just beginning married life or those preparing for it in their mother's kitchen. It is certainly desirable for every woman to know something of practical details, but the real problem of to-day is not to learn to do drudgery well, but to learn to do without drudgery as much as possible. The class who would require the delicate desserts at the close of the little book are hardly those who would have to cook their own beefsteaks, and the author's advice, 'on biscuit mornings have yourself called an hour earlier,' suggests that a young lady who could afford to 'have herself called' could afford to have some one else make her biscuits. If she could not, we earnestly advise her, in these days of French and Vienna breads, to buy her bread ready made, and devote her time to acquiring some other knowledge that can be made available for increasing the family income. We would not for the world be understood as disparaging the little book, which is most useful, attractive and welcome, but we propose to turn it over to the cook and let our young daughters continue painting china and embroidering screens. The receipts have such a tempting attractiveness and exhibit such intense faith in the sublime influences of the table, that one would suppose the flattered ingredients would not dare to be refractory, lest the stern author should decree:

Not *wish* to be eaten? not *long* to be stewed?
Then go and be raw, and not fit for good food!

Minor Notices.

THE 'FLORENCE' and 'Venice' of Augustus J. C. Hare, each in a compact, attractive little volume (Messrs. George Routledge & Sons), are a sort of apotheosized guide-book, intended for those exploring the great cities, or perhaps wishing a record of what they have seen there, rather than for those who cannot go and want a connected description of what they may never see. Not that the books remind one in the least of a perfunctory Baedeker, with lists of things

that must be visited, suggesting those comments of a sincere friend of ours in her diary: 'Thursday morning, went to the ———Museum. Hate museums! Thursday afternoon, went to see some armor. Sick of armor!' Mr. Hare gives, of course, a few lists of things that you will want to see, but perhaps it would be nearer the truth to call the books little encyclopædias of information about each palace, or picture, or famous spot. The novelty lies in the fact that very little of the information is given by Mr. Hare himself, the books consisting almost entirely of extracts from the best literature, whether history, description, fiction or poetry. These extracts are chiefly from Ruskin, Rogers, Howells, Dickens, Hawthorne, George Eliot, George Sand, Madame de Staël, Milton, Wordsworth, Ouida, Taine, Swinburne and Mrs. Browning, and as imaginative description of actual places make the most valuable kind of guide-book one can have.

'GEOLOGY AND MILITARY GEOGRAPHY,' a manual prepared by Lieutenant A. W. Vogdes, Instructor at the Military Academy, is a novelty in American scholarship. There has been published in France a work resembling it, showing how a knowledge of geology may be useful to an army prosecuting a campaign. But, so far as the writer knows, no such volume has appeared in English. This is part first, which treats of the condition, structure and arrangement of rock masses, and shows that a study of their origin, modification and external features on the earth's surface, is necessary to a proper knowledge of physical geography. And the aim of the volume is to present clearly the most important relations between the surface features and underlying geological formations and the dynamical forces that caused them, that knowledge being of great practical use in military operations. It was written for the Department of Applied Sciences of the United States Artillery School, at Fortress Monroe, and seems well adapted to accomplish the purpose for which it was prepared. It shows painstaking care and labor, and is a model of brevity. It is approved by order of Lieutenant-Colonel Tidball, and was prepared as a text-book for the Artillery School.

EIGHT 'Economic Tracts' which have had a wide circulation during the last four years have been collected into a convenient volume by the Society for Political Education. They consist of a very elementary treatise on the functions of banks; a list of books in political and economic science with descriptive notes; a list of subjects for debate; four articles on usury laws; an article translated from the French, setting forth in rather vague and general terms what political economy is—a task which should be executed with great precision and concreteness to be useful to the uninitiated; an essay on money—very simple and very sound; an excellent history of the paper-money inflation in France at the end of the last century; and a brief history of the Congressional caucus and of the national conventions for nominating Presidents. The object of these tracts, when originally prepared, was to assist persons who live far from libraries and from competent advisers, but who have an intelligent desire to get better ideas on economic and political subjects. The Society meets a real demand, and has done a great deal of good.

'ENGLAND AND CANADA,' by Sandford Fleming (Montreal: Dawson Brothers), is the record of a summer tour from England to the Pacific *via* Canada, by one of those conscientious travellers who record the exact day and hour when they embarked or took a Pullman car, where they stopped for supper, whether the supper was good, which side of the steamer their staterooms were on, etc., with a good deal of historical information as to dates. The author, in order to make the trip from England to the Pacific, went first from Canada to England, and dwells a good deal on the fog, and whist, and charity concerts of the double voyage, before he

* History, and the Study of History. By Prof. William P. Atkinson. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* Cookery for Beginners. By Marion Harland. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

begins the journey westward by land. The book is not what its name might imply, a discussion of government relations between England and Canada, only a few paragraphs being given to such topics.

No. 2 of the Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education for 1884 deals with the teaching, practice, and literature of shorthand. The economic value of stenography has been abundantly illustrated in Congressional work, the administration of state, national and municipal courts, and in conducting all extensive correspondence, official or private, and it has the admirable qualification of being a pursuit open to women. The pamphlet in question contains a chronological list of English and American authors of systems and text-books, a brief history of shorthand in foreign countries and the United States, a bibliography of shorthand works in the English language, and an elaborate plate of shorthand alphabets.

MRS. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY has compiled for the Standard Library of Funk & Wagnalls over two hundred poems about home, the collection being called 'The Home in Poetry.' The selections are almost all very familiar, and it is interesting to see that it is the homelier class of verse which has clustered about the dear and homely topic, very few of the loftier efforts of the greater poets having touched upon it. It would seem as if nothing on the subject had been omitted from so large a collection, yet we should have been glad to find in it Alice Cary's 'Order for a Picture'—one of the most charming things she ever wrote, and a very pretty tribute to an old homestead and the mother who made it what it was.

Recent Fiction.

'HIMSELF AGAIN,' by J. C. Goldsmith (Funk & Wagnalls), can certainly claim the merit of originality. The plot is quite unlike anything in fiction, if not indeed unlike anything in real life, and the style varies so that one is partly amused and partly out of patience. However, one finishes the book, and if there are things in it of poor taste, there are passages of power and bits of brightness. A young and sentimental clergyman, distressed by religious doubts and harassed by the feminine members of his congregation, abetted by the worst of the male members, throws up his work and passes himself off successfully for an exceedingly rough and bad specimen of sailor who had been supposed drowned. Opportunity offers, as will readily be seen, for plenty of sensation, and there is some very poor writing; but there is also something half attractive about it, recalling as it does a noble sermon of Phillips Brooks on the 'Prodigal Son,' showing that the phrase 'he came to himself' implied that our best self is the real self—a theory which possibly struck with some surprise any lingering members of his congregation who retain faith in the doctrine of total depravity.

'AMONG THE CHOSEN' (Holt's American Novel Series) is one of the well-written stories of which we cannot have too many, as a warning against whatever may be the attractiveness of life in 'communities' whose first law is the subversion of human nature. The uselessness, the suffering, the cruelty, the deceits and treacheries and hypocrisy, of such a life are well depicted; if the alluring charm that fascinates the victims, even after trial, is made less evident, the author is not to blame. Certainly the reader does not succumb easily to the magnetism of the unctuous Father John—but he knows that in real life there are people who do. The story is told with great vividness, the little children being especially well managed, and the author has not forgotten that many converts to 'the chosen' are sincere and noble; whatever the leaders are. The high-spirited girl who resents, even before she 'sees through,' the machinations of Father John, is a fine creation. The interest in her fate is

kept so intense that the author accomplishes the purpose of the book quite as well in letting her escape, as in making her a victim to the bitter end.

VOLUME V. of 'Stories by American Authors' (Charles Scribner's Sons) sustains the reputation for good judgment and excellent taste of those who make the selections. The first of these is one of Mr. James's earlier stories, 'A Light Man,' not so good as his later ones, but worthy of being preserved for its young woman with plenty of zeros in her fortune, herself being one of them. Mr. Millet's curious and ingenious story of 'Yatil' follows Mr. James's, and is in turn succeeded by Park Benjamin's timely warning in 'The End of New York,' to the effect that we had better beware of a 'vigorous foreign policy' on the part of our leaders till we have a navy powerful enough to sustain our sentences. 'Why Thomas was Discharged' is George Arnold's, and would do very well as an answer to the English bishop's wife who asked a prominent Boston lawyer not so many years ago if the English missionaries were accomplishing much in the States. 'The Tachypomp,' by E. P. Mitchell, an amusing arithmetical story, closes the book.

TOURGUÉNEFF'S 'Mumu' and the 'Diary of a Superfluous Man,' translated directly from the Russian by Henry Gersoni, appear in a new edition in the Standard Library Series. The 'Diary' is less interesting than most of Tourguéneff's work, but its theme is a good one: the sufferings of a class that exists in some form in all countries, aristocrats by birth or official station, to whom 'noblesse oblige' means that they must not earn their living by such means as are used by the lower classes of society, while utterly unprovided for where they find themselves. 'Mumu,' brief as it is, is one of the novelist's best efforts, adding to the pathos of a serf's natural condition the sorrows of a serf who is a deaf-mute. Not a touch has been neglected that could heighten the effect, and the most vivid picture of forced submission to a despot could hardly accomplish its purpose better than by choosing for its subject the wilful tyranny of a mistress in so slight a matter as a pet dog.

'VENUS'S DOVES,' by Ida Ashworth Taylor (Harper's Franklin Square Library), though belonging to the lighter class of novels merely meant to entertain, does more than entertain, and is at once original, amusing and graceful. Some reliance is placed on the time-honored foolish misunderstanding, and there are signs of unhappy marriages and marriages for money; but every situation is delicately treated, and the signs never amount to more than signs, while the conversations are bright, the people interesting, and the moral, without being obtrusive, healthful and unmistakable. The heroine, we are happy to say, has faults, and the way in which she nearly wrecks all her happiness by demanding happiness as a right instead of taking it as a gift, is a lesson, as well as a pretty story.

'LUCIA, HUGH AND ANOTHER,' by Mrs. J. H. Needell (Franklin Square Library), is a piece of uninteresting work quite unprofitable to read, made up entirely of unpleasant love affairs among impossible people, whose impossibility lies in the direction of incredible brutality on the part of the men and weakness not worth quarrelling about in the supposed heroine. If the story had ended with the wedding, it would not have been as bad; for the spectacle of the richer wooer, to whom the maiden is to be sacrificed by her father on the brink of ruin, refusing to take her when he learns the circumstances, is original and interesting; but the consequences are needlessly prolonged.

—ARGUMENTS in favor of free trade will appear in *The North American Review* for September, and in favor of protection in the October number.

The Earthquake.

NO ONE KNOWS exactly why the earth's surface trembles and quivers at certain times and in certain parts of the world, and yet the real mystery probably is that it does not do so more frequently. If, as is almost certain, it has attained its present condition by condensation and shrinkage from a former state first nebulous and then molten; if within it is still intensely heated, as we know it to be; if there are below the surface rifts, and fissures, and great caverns; then, unless the shrinkage has reached its final limit, which there is no reason to suppose, there are sure to be from time to time creepings and slidings, the filling up of cavities, the fall of rocky masses and explosions of internal steam, any of which would produce such effects as are observed. Of course such phenomena will be most common where the crust of the earth is presumably most unsound, that is to say in volcanic countries; but no part of the world is quite secure.

Writing within twenty-four hours of yesterday's shock, and from a place a little one side of the telegraphic centres, it is not yet possible to determine so accurately as may perhaps be done a week hence, the precise centre and nature of the subterranean disturbance which has so shaken us up. When accounts have come in from all the country, and the times stated have been collated and corrected, it will most likely be possible to draw lines upon the map connecting places where the shock was simultaneous, and from these to deduce something as to the place and depth where the earthquake originated. From the extent of country shaken, and the approximate simultaneousness of it at all places reported from, one would guess—it can be little more than a guess at present—that the centre lay very deep and somewhere out at sea off the coast of New York or New Jersey; and yet the absence of any great sea-wave rather bears against this view.

The shock, according to all accounts, was one of the most violent, if not the very sharpest, that has ever been felt upon the Atlantic Coast of the United States, a portion of the earth's crust so old, well settled and packed down already, that there is very little possibility of much further change in it. The intensity of course varied greatly according to the character of the soil, and if the observer was in a building, the effect upon him depended greatly upon its peculiarities and his position in it. Speaking generally, the shock was severest on rocky ground, and less violent on sand or gravel. It seems to have been about equally felt in Philadelphia, New York and Hartford, and very nearly simultaneously, the time for Philadelphia being stated at 2:09 by *The New York Times* and 2:12 by *The New York Tribune* and *Philadelphia Press*, while at Hartford it occurred at 2:08 according to the *Times*, and 2:10 according to the *Tribune*; at New York the *Times* gives 2:06:50, and the *Tribune* 2:07. Evidently, however, more investigation will be needed to settle the times exactly enough to permit a determination of the movement of the wave, as the different accounts differ in some cases by several minutes. Thus, for Springfield, Mass., Boston, and Providence, the *Times* gives respectively 2:08, 2:07, and 2:07 while the *Tribune* gives 2:08, 2:15, and 2:07. Evidently, too, there are some clocks that are not run very accurately by standard time. The lighthouse clock at Fire Island was stopped at 2:22, and at Mattewan, N. J., the time was reported as 2:40!

At Princeton the writer noted the time accurately by the observatory clock as 2:07:30 at the cessation of the vibration. The true nature of the phenomenon was recognized just as the vibration was dying away, and it was only necessary to walk twenty feet through an open door to note the time precisely. The shock *ought* not to occur exactly simultaneously at different places, and it is extremely perplexing that the differences of time are not greater and more systematic. In Philadelphia, Hartford and a few other places chimneys were thrown down, and an immense amount of crockery was broken through the length and breadth of the

shaken region, but no lives were lost and no serious personal injuries were suffered so far as we have yet heard. The shock was felt from Washington to Bath, Me., and inland as far as Harrisburg, Wilkesbarre and Lake Champlain. It seems to have been confined entirely to the eastern slope of the Appalachian range. Taking it altogether it was certainly an excellent earthquake, vigorous enough to be instructive and interesting, but not cruel and ferocious like those which have desolated other lands and almost ruined nations.

C. A. YOUNG.

PRINCETON, N. J., August 11.

Sonnet.

WHO sees thee dressed as Helen dressed of old
Perceives more clearly how her beauty won
All whom her loving glances fell upon,
Ere the rude tide of war round Troja rolled.
Yet Helen seemed less fair to Paris bold
Than thou to us; her lustrous eyes ne'er shone
With such deep fire as glows within thy own;
Her heart to thine was fickle, false and cold.
How shall I speak of thee?—whose glances shine
With the chaste beauty of a sinless soul,
A mind alert, and sympathies profound.
Such, Lady, is thy grace, if aught divine
Hallows this earth to-day, from pole to pole,
In thy pure breast its dwelling must be found!

RANDALL BLACKSHAW.

The Lounger

THE BOSTON *Traveller* received an unusual compliment the other day—the republication in *The New York Times* of the leading article in its Review of the Week ending August 9. It was an interesting essay, and quite worthy of the compliment. I had read it before, but was glad to read it again. Now and then I came upon a sentence that didn't sound familiar, and that added so little to the interest or value of the article that I wondered at its interpolation. When I had read it through, however, I saw the reason of these additions. The article was a reprint of Mr. Balestier's 'Campaign Biographies,' written for and published in THE CRITIC of August 2d, and it had been slightly paraphrased by the editor of the *Traveller* so as to disguise it, and make it look like an original article—as children stolen by the gypsies are disfigured in such a way as to resemble the wretched offspring of their captors. (See Sheridan's comedy 'The Critic.') The *Traveller* should not have played a trick so unworthy of its reputation.

'K.' THINKS that the following excerpt from Webster's Unabridged justifies Mr. Howells's use of the word transom: 'Trā'som, n. [Written also *transsummer* and *transumpt*, from Lat. *trans*, across, and *sumere*, *sumptum*, to take. Cf. Lat. *transenna*, a rope, noose, springle, L. Lat., a lattice, window.] But it does not. It is simply Webster's account of the derivation of the word. His definition of it is this: 'An horizontal mullion or crossbar in a window.' Mr. Howells, however, is quite sufficiently justified by common usage in employing the word as he did.

A NEW NAME has appeared among the contributors to *The Century*, and although seen in only two numbers as yet, it has already attracted pleasant attention. Who is Ivory Black? one reader of the magazine asks the other; but the other only shakes his head. I am betraying no confidence in telling the curious and admiring readers of these sketches in color that Ivory Black is Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, a rising man in fiction, and a versatile one; for no one would imagine that the author of that tragic and touching story, 'Chiquita,' could have written 'An Effect in Yellow.'

DR. R. H. McDONALD, the National Prohibition Home Protection candidate for the Presidency, is not such a home protectionist as he would have us believe. He may protect the products of his own home, but he does not always respect those of other men. In his recently printed pamphlet I find the following paragraph, signed with his own name:—

Oh! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men! Men whose

veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid-age, nor go staggering down into a drunkard's grave, but who can sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed and hearts uncankered. Such a generation as this is possible in America, and to produce such a revolution, the persistent, conscientious work of temperance-reformers is entirely competent.

Between 'go' and 'staggering' read 'blindly groping' and, for 'temperance reformers' read 'the public press,' and for the paragraph as originally written see Dr. Holland's 'Topics of the Time' in *Scribner's Monthly* for April, 1871.

L'Art.

THE change in the mode of publication of *L'Art* which was made at the beginning of the present year has resulted, as was promised, not only in bringing the publication within the means of a much larger class of readers than was formerly reached by it, but also in making it a better chronicler of current events in the world of art, and a better guide to the art work of past ages than it could be under the former system. It was becoming evident, even to readers on this side of the Atlantic, that the labor of preparing matter to fill a quarterly volume of the size of *L'Art* and of the quality that it aimed at was too great for any merely human editor. In matters artistic, it is impossible to apply commercial principles without, at times, getting very bad results. It is impossible, for instance, that the supply of artistically printed modern etchings should keep pace with the demand created by the editors of *L'Art*. Due allowance being made for the considerable amount of etched work which is printed for other publications and for individual etchers, there are not in the world the means of printing artistically such an edition as *L'Art* was beginning to turn out. There were only two ways to meet such a demand—either to increase the price, or to reduce it and at the same time lessen the amount of matter to be published. As the periodical has always aimed at popularity, there could be no question as to which course should be pursued. To publish less frequently, in fortnightly parts instead of weekly, making half-yearly volumes instead of quarterly, was the only means that could be thought of. Consequently *L'Art* this year will make only two volumes instead of four, and at the price, in this country, of \$12 per annum instead of \$32 as formerly.

The mere lowering of the price would hardly call for congratulation at our hands, since we know that a good thing must be paid for; but the marked improvement in the printing of the etchings, and apparently in their execution, cannot be ignored. Modern etchings require careful printing, and there is much to be thankful for in the way in which such work as Focillon's copy of the interesting picture 'Paris, 4 K 1,' or Artigue's rendering of Murillo's 'Marchands de Fruits,' or Bocourt's portrait after Piero de la Francesca, has been treated by the printers. With this, there has been no falling off in the quality of the reading matter and of the smaller illustrations in the text. The greater part of the articles are of permanent value, and might be bound up separately. We instance those on the decorative work of Charles Lebrun; on the late Castellani collection (finely illustrated); on 'Les Anglais au Louvre,' with Renouard's realistic designs; on Jean Cousin, with a reproduction of the famous design for a window, in which the subject is the death of the Virgin; on the history of encaustic painting; and on contemporary actors and playwrights. (J. W. Bouton.)

The New Pronoun.

MR. CONVERSE's suggestion of the word *thon* (*that one*), as a new and needed pronoun of the singular number and common gender, has attracted general attention. Some newspapers have contented themselves with a mere allusion to his letter, while others—such as the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city and the *Boston Globe*—see fit to comment

upon it. The *Commercial* speaks of it as an indication that the writer is bitten by the 'old malady,' and reminds him that a similar effort to supply the need of a new pronoun with *ne*, *nis* and *nim*, some thirty years ago, and later with *hiser* (from *his* and *her*), failed completely. But the fact that other neologisms have been rejected should not discourage further effort in the same direction. It was a long time, it must be remembered, before the word *its* found a place in the English language, and *thon* may have to wait as patiently; but if Mr. Converse really wishes to present us with it, we see no reason why he should be treated as a common enemy. Moreover, it is always uncivil to look a gift horse in the mouth—notwithstanding Lamb's plea in favor of our taking that liberty. We present herewith a few letters in criticism or defence of Mr. Converse's communication.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Let us accept Mr. Converse's contribution to our language for the present, and give it a practical test, to see how nearly it supplies the need to which he refers in his communication. All derivatives are supposed to convey the same meaning as do the roots from which they come. *Thon* then would simply mean *that one*. And the question arises at once, Can a compound of two or more words be condensed into a pronoun? I think not. Then, if we were compelled to confine ourselves to the use of *thon* in all expressions similar to the examples given by Mr. Converse, would we not be cut off from much better forms or modes of expression, which the English language already affords? If Mr. Converse wished to communicate with his clients as suggested, would it not be much more elegant and courteous to say 'I will meet Mr. or Mrs. A. at the court house on Monday next,' than to put it, 'If Mr. or Mrs. A. will call at the court house on Monday next, I will be there to meet *thon*?'

We never could afford such circumlocution just for the sake of using his pronoun. Then, suppose the printer should make a mistake and turn the *n* upside down, he would be made to say 'meet thou.' In the next illustration, where Mr. and Mrs. A. sit for their pictures, would it not be much better to say, 'Then loving words for each other burst from their lips, each assuming the blame and excusing the other,' than to end the sentence with 'each excusing the other and blaming *thon*?' In the last example, Mr. Converse's new pronoun would be inadequate and misleading, as it would imply that each blamed 'that one,' which certainly would not apply to one's self. That we feel, to a limited extent, the need of some mode of expression in the direction indicated, which we find fully met in the German and French languages, I will readily admit, but it has already been partially supplied by the use we sometimes make of the word *one*. The pronoun Mr. Converse is after is found in German in the word *man*, and in French in the word *on*, and these words are hardly ever used in their respective languages where they may not be translated into English by our word *one*.

For example, the German expression '*Man ist nicht verbunden*,' or the French '*On n'est pas obligé*,' may be translated 'One is not bound.' '*Man sagt*' and '*On dit*' we translate 'they say,' or 'one says.' By widening the application of our word *one*, I think the case will be fully settled. For instance, if we wished to say, 'Mr. or Mrs. A. cannot walk out without stubbing *thon's* toe,' it would be about as well expressed should we say 'stubbing *one's* toe.'

OAKDALE, NEB:

O. P. HURFORD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you permit a further brief contribution to the discussion concerning 'A New Pronoun?' Mr. Converse's suggestion of *Thon*, in THE CRITIC of August 2, seems to me to be faulty, first, because it possesses no generic resemblance to He and She, the pronouns between which it is intended as a link; secondly, because its nominative and

objective forms are identical; and thirdly, because (especially in writing) it is exceedingly likely to be mistaken for the second person singular, Thou. As overcoming each of these difficulties, and as combining succinctness with a due regard to the genius of our tongue, I suggest the following: nominative, *Hi*; possessive, *Hes*; objective, *Hem*. Sooner or later, a singular number and common gender pronoun must be invented. It is only a question of securing the best.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FRANCIS H. WILLIAMS.

[An obvious objection to Mr. Williams's pronoun is the probability of its being mistaken, in its corresponding cases, for He, His and Him.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The Boston *Globe* is disturbed by Mr. Converse's article in your last issue, so far as to be led into an inaccuracy. In an editorial it speaks of his attempt to supply a new pronoun for a peculiar use as a 'periodical malady.' His suggestion has the merit of more commonsense than is usual with such inventions; but would he himself have the moral courage to say to a company of guests in his own house, "if any one likes to ride, *thon* can have a horse whenever *thon* wishes?" The majority of people will probably continue to say "they." I beg leave to call the attention of the *Globe* to two points: 1. As I understand Mr. Converse, he does not intend the new pronoun for such a sentence as the above, but for certain ambiguous expressions in which no other word can be made to convey the exact meaning. 2. If I have misconceived his intention, the *Globe* is still at fault, for in using the word *they* it either outrages a long established custom in such cases, or supposes a majority of persons to be equally ignorant; or it is guilty both counts. Let the *Globe* 'cast out first the beam,' etc.

SANDWICH, MASS., Aug. 7, 1884.

J. E. PRATT.

Thackeray and the Theatre.*

[By Dutton Cook. Published posthumously in *Longman's Magazine*.]

THACKERAY is hardly to be reckoned among dramatists. In his story of 'Lovel the Widower' he protested with mock seriousness that he did not desire to impart a tragic air to that production, 'though that I can write tragedy,' he added, 'plays of mine (of which envious managers never could be got to see the merit) I think will prove when they appear in my posthumous works.' Of course these tragic plays had no real existence; nevertheless, a rebuff or two from the managers he had certainly experienced. After his death there was published his little comedy 'The Wolves and the Lamb,' the foundation and first cause of the novel of 'Lovel the Widower.' This, his only contribution to the literature of the stage, if indeed it may be so ambitiously described, was written presumably about the year 1854; it contains allusions to the Crimean War and to Mrs. Gaskell's fine novel of 'Ruth,' then recently published. 'The Wolves and the Lamb' was offered in turn to Mr. Alfred Wigan and to Mr. Buckstone, the managers of the Olympic and Haymarket Theatres respectively. It was judged, however, that the play was not very well suited to the stage—the story lacked interest and its tendencies were rather farcical; the *dramatis personæ* offered few opportunities to their representatives; the supply of dialogue was excessive; there was a deficiency of action, etc. Subduing their natural anxiety to print the name of Thackeray upon their programmes, the managers returned the play to its author. He viewed their decision as quite final in the matter, and abandoned all hope of witnessing the production upon the scene of 'The Wolves and the Lamb.' The play has indeed never been represented; it was soon converted to other uses. The first number of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' published in 1860, contained the opening chapters of the novel of 'Lovel the Widower,' into which the comedy of 'The Wolves and the Lamb' had been transformed. The story was supposed to be told by one of the characters, Mr. Batchelor, of Beak Street, who had figured in the play as Captain Touchit. Other of the characters had also undergone a change of name: Mr. Lovel, Lady Baker, Bedford, and Bessy had originally been called Milliken, Lady Kickelbury, Howell, and Julia. Great

part of the original dialogue was preserved, but there were many variations of a minor sort. The scene was changed from Richmond to Putney, and a new personage, Mr. Drencher, 'the great, healthy, florid, scarlet-whiskered' medical man, was added to the novel. The stage directions in 'The Wolves and the Lamb' are often curiously explicit. Here, for instance, is the author's careful description of the scene of 'Milliken's villa at Richmond,' where the whole action passes:—'Two drawing-rooms opening into one another. The late Mrs. Milliken's portrait over the mantelpiece; book-cases, writing-tables, piano, newspapers, a handsomely-furnished saloon. The back room opens, with very large windows, on the lawn and pleasure-ground; gate and wall, over which the heads of a cab and carriage are seen as persons arrive. Fruit and a ladder on the walls. A door to the dining-room, another to the sleeping apartments,' etc. Before Captain Touchit enters 'the head of a hansom cab is to be seen over the garden gate;' and presently 'an altercation between cabman and Captain Touchit appears to be going on,' etc. The carrying out of these instructions would have imposed some trouble upon the stage manager of the period and his assistants.

Thackeray was not to succeed as a dramatist; apart from the rejection by the managers of his 'Wolves and the Lamb' he was not permitted, indeed, to run any risks or to encounter any disappointments in connection with the stage. He turned his unacted play into a story; but he did not suffer at the hands of the adapters; he was not required to look on the while his stories were hacked and hewn into plays. It is curious, perhaps, all things considered, that he escaped payment of this price for the great popularity he enjoyed as a novelist; for the fact that his novels were not readily or easily adaptable to the stage would have been no absolute hindrance to the average adapter who had *more suo* made up his mind to adapt. Moreover, his great liking for the theatre, his interest in its transactions, his hearty appreciation of its humors, these are constantly manifest in his works. It was his wont to laugh at the stage, but his laughter was very kindly, and but thinly disguised his love. If he satirized the players he sympathized with them none the less. His books reveal the intimacy of his acquaintance with them and their way of life. The theatre, indeed, occupies an important place in his writings; and while his literary manner was wholly untheatrical, owned no odor of the stage-lamps, his stories are often found to be rich in dramatic qualities.

He was a constant playgoer. The earlier papers he contributed to a magazine, dealing with his life in Paris when Louis Philippe was king, included an essay upon the French stage of that period, its dramas and melodramas. He pronounced that there were three kinds of drama in France, and that these might be subdivided. There was the old classical drama, well-nigh dead, and full time too . . . ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched, and be-periwigged; 'the fair Rachel was trying to revive this *genre* and to untomb Racine; but, as he held, she could only galvanize the corpse, not revivify it; it was still in its grave, and it was only the ghost and not the body that the fair Jewess had raised. Then there was the comedy of the day, with its gay colonels, smart widows, and silly husbands, of which M. Scribe was the father. 'How that unfortunate seventh commandment has been maltreated by him and his disciples! You will see four pieces at the Gymnase of a night, and, so sure as you see them, four husbands shall be wickedly used. When is this joke to cease?' Finally, there was the drama, that great monster which had sprung into life of late years, of which Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas were the well-known and respectable guardians. The great Hugo's plays invariably contained a monster—a 'delightful monster saved by one virtue: 'Tri-boulet, Lucrèce Borgia, Mary Tudor, Quasimodo, and others. But to the great Dumas half a dozen monsters were necessary, to whom murder was nothing, common intrigue and breackage of the seventh commandment nothing, but who lived and moved 'in a vast delightful complication of crime that could not easily be conceived in England, much less described.' Of the famous Mlle. Georges he wrote: 'When I think over the number of crimes that I have seen her commit I am filled with wonder at her greatness and the greatness of the poets who have conceived such charming horrors for her.' In the 'Tour de Nesle' he had seen her make love to and murder her sons. He had seen her as Lucrèce Borgia poison a company of no less than nine gentlemen at Ferrara, including an affectionate son in the number; he had seen her as Madame de Brinvilliers kill off a number of respectable relations in the first four acts; and at the last he had seen her enter shuddering, ghastly, barefooted, in a white sheet, and actually burned at the stake! Looking back at the grand dramas which had been produced in Paris during the last half a

* To be concluded next week.

dozen years, it seemed to him that a man, thinking over all he had seen, the many prodigious crimes by which he had been interested and excited, might well be heartily ashamed of the manner in which he had spent his time and of the hideous kind of mental intoxication in which he had permitted himself to indulge.

In an earlier paper he had discoursed concerning a certain 'Catholic reaction,' as it was called, which was distinguishing French art and literature at that time. He discovered the same Catholic reaction upon the stage. The theatres of the Boulevards had produced a series of quasi-religious plays very edifying to the Parisians, who thus were provided with more Biblical history than had fallen to their share during the whole of their lives before. In the course of a few seasons he had seen produced 'The Wandering Jew,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' 'Nebuchadnezzar,' 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' 'Joseph and his Brethren,' 'The Passage of the Red Sea,' and 'The Deluge.' Even at the Théâtre Français had been presented Dumas's tragedy of 'Caligula,' which 'brought a vast quantity of religion before the footlights.' The critics had received the play but coldly, had even censured it freely; but the public had applauded. The public, said Dumas, was so much more religious than the critics; it understood him so much better. During four hours, with pious attention, it watched the action of the piece in all its serpentine windings; it listened to the sound of its rolling river of thoughts, new and bold it might be, yet chaste and grave nevertheless. The play could boast no particularly pious origin. As the author confessed, it had been, in the first instance, designed for Franconi's Cirque, for the introduction of a performing steed of many accomplishments, which was to figure as Incitatus, the horse of Caligula. Dumas was busy writing his play when news was brought him: 'Incitatus a reçu d'un de ses camarades un coup de pied qui lui a cassé la cuisse; il a fallu l'abattre.' Franconi had no further need for the play. From an equestrian drama for the Cirque 'Caligula' was converted, therefore, into a poetic tragedy for the Français. Dumas had been anxious that his hero should enter into a car drawn by real horses. But the committee of the Comédie absolutely refused to allow horses to appear upon their stage; the innovation would be destructive of their best traditions; it would be a desecration. 'On m'offrait des femmes,' wrote Dumas. 'J'inventai le chant des Heures et le char de Caligula fut traîné par des femmes: ce qui était bien autrement moral.' This was in 1837.

Thackeray found that, all things considered, the tragedy of 'Caligula' was a decent tragedy; as decent, that is, as the decent characters of the hero and heroine, Caligula and Messalina, would permit it to be. Caligula was killed at the end of the performance and Messalina was comparatively well-behaved throughout, the more religious qualities of the work being represented by a Christian maiden, one Stella, how, while staying on a visit to her aunt, near Narbonne, had been fortunate enough to be converted to Christianity by no less a person than Mary Magdalene! But Dumas's play of 'Don Juan de Marana' was far in advance of his 'Caligula' in regard to its sacred or profane excesses and eccentricities. The subject was, of course, of Spanish origin; the story dealt with that contest between a good and a bad angel for the possession of an immortal soul which has occupied a good many plays and operas; and the scene was laid, as Thackeray describes, 'in a vast number of places—in heaven (where we have the Virgin Mary, and little angels in blue swinging censers before her!), on earth, under the earth, and in a place still lower but not mentionable to ears polite.' The hero closely resembles his namesake, celebrated by Mozart, Molière, and others, and 'unites the virtues of Lovelace and Lacenaire.' The first act contains half a dozen of murders and intrigues. In the second act Don Juan flogs his elder brother and runs away with his sister-in-law. In the third he fights a duel with a rival and kills him, whereupon the lady-love of his victim takes poison and dies in great agonies upon the stage. In the fourth act Don Juan, having entered a church to carry off a nun, is seized by the statue of one of the ladies he has previously victimized, and made to behold the ghosts of all the unfortunate persons whose deaths he has caused. These apparitions, clothed in white sheets and preceded by wax candles, declare their names and qualities and call in chorus for vengeance upon Don Juan. An angel descends carrying a flaming sword and demands, 'Is there no voice in favor of Don Juan de Marana?' whereupon Don Juan's father quits his coffin to implore pardon for his son; and the nun Don Juan would have scandalously borne away from her convent, who proves indeed to be 'the good spirit of the house of Marana, who has gone to the length of losing her wings and forfeiting her place in heaven in order to keep company with Don Juan on earth, and, if possible, to convert him,'

actually flies to the skies to beg the divine permission to remain with him here below. The curtain draws up to the sound of harps, and discovers white-robed angels walking in the clouds, the while the good angel of Marana upon her knees offers up her extraordinary prayer. It is granted, and she descends to earth to love and to go mad and to die for Don Juan! 'The reader,' as Thackeray observes, 'will require no further explanation in order to be satisfied as to the moral of this play; but is it not a very bitter satire upon the country which calls itself the politest nation in the world that the incidents, the indecency, the coarse blasphemy, and the vulgar wit of this piece should find admirers among the public and procure reputation for the author?' Yet the theatrical censorship, which Louis Philippe had restored, found no fault with the morality of 'Don Juan de Marana' and works of its class. 'Here is a man,' writes Thackeray of Dumas, 'who seizes upon saints and angels merely to put sentiments in their mouths which might suit a nymph of Drury Lane. He shows heaven in order that he may carry debauch into it; and avails himself of the most sacred and sublime parts of our creed as a vehicle for a scene-painter's skill or an occasion for a handsome actress to wear a new dress.'

Another admired play at this time was entitled 'Le Maudit des Mers,' which proved to be an early version of the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and may have had its share in producing Wagner's opera, 'Der Fliegende Holländer.' The hero is the familiar Dutch captain who, in the midst of a storm at sea, while his crew were on their knees at prayer, 'blasphemed and drank punch; but what was his astonishment at beholding an archangel, with a sword all covered with flaming resin, who told him that as he in this hour of danger was too daring or too wicked to utter a prayer, he never should cease roaming the seas until he could find some being who would pray to heaven for him! Once only in a hundred years was the captain allowed to land for this purpose, and the play runs through four centuries in as many acts, setting forth the agonies and the unavailing attempts of the unfortunate Dutchman. In the second act he betrays a Virgin of the Sun to a follower of Pizarro. In the third act he assassinates the heroic William of Nassau. But the angel with the flaming sword reappears to condemn him again to be lonely and tempest-tossed for a hundred years more. 'Treachery,' says the spirit, 'cannot lessen thy punishment; crime will not obtain thy release. *A la mer! à la mer!*' In the fourth act, however, he lands in America to find a crowd of peasants wearing Italian costumes, 'celebrating in a quadrille the victories of Washington.' The Dutchman is fortunate enough to find a virtuous maiden to pray for him. Forthwith 'the curse is removed, the punishment is over, and a celestial vessel with angels on the decks and sweet little cherubs fluttering about the shrouds and the poop appear to receive him.'

To the critic the drama of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and the enlightened classes seemed to be profoundly immoral and absurd, the while he found the drama of the common people absurd, it might be, but good and right-hearted too. 'If they borrow a story from the sacred books they garble it without mercy and take sad liberties with the text; but they do not deal in descriptions of the agreeably wicked or ask pity and admiration for tender-hearted criminals and philanthropic murderers as their betters do. Vice is vice on the Boulevards; and it is fine to hear the audience as a tyrant king roars out cruel sentences of death, or a bereaved mother pleads for the life of her child, making their remarks on the circumstances of the scene. *Ah, le gredin!*' growls an indignant countryman. '*Quel monstre!*' says a grisette in a fury. You see very fat old men crying like babies; and, like babies, sucking enormous sticks of barley-sugar.' The successful melodramas of 'La Duchesse de la Vauvallière' and 'Hermann l'Ivrogne' are cited in proof of the popular morality, the general joy in the discomfiture of vice and the triumph of virtue. Of course the villain of the story was always an aristocrat, a wicked count or a licentious marquis, brought to condign punishment just before the fall of the curtain. 'And too good reason,' adds the critic, 'have the French people had to lay such crimes to the charge of the aristocracy, who are expiating now on the stage the wrongs which they did a hundred years since. The aristocracy is dead now; but the theatre lives upon traditions; and don't let us be too scornful at such simple legends as are handed down by the people from race to race.'

Other plays dealt with English life and character, the intention of the dramatists being occasionally satirical. A little Christmas piece at the Palais Royal parodied the balloon voyage across the Channel of Messrs. Green and Monck Mason, and 'created a good deal of laughter at the expense of John Bull.' Two English noblemen, designated Milor Cricri and Milor Hanneeton, were important characters. Dumas' drama of 'Kean, ou Génie et

Désordre, was designed by its author and received by the public 'as a faithful portraiture of English manners.' The absurdities of this work have been often described. In the end Kean goes suddenly mad and so cruelly insults the Prince of Wales that his Royal Highness determines to transport the tragedian to Botany Bay, a sentence which is afterward commuted to banishment to New York. In a scene representing the 'Coal Hole Tavern,' called the 'Trou de Charbon' and supposed to be situated upon the banks of the Thames, 'a company of Englishwomen are introduced, and they all wear *pinafiores*, as if the British female,' writes Thackeray, 'were in the invariable habit of wearing this outer garment, or slobbering her gown without it.' An earlier play related the sorrows of Queen Caroline. George the Fourth was made to play a most despicable part, and Signor Bergami fought a duel with Lord Londonderry. In the last act the House of Lords was represented, and Sir Brougham made an eloquent speech on the Queen's behalf. 'Presently the shouts of the mob were heard without; from shouting they proceeded to pelting; and pasteboard brickbats and cabbages came flying among the representatives of our hereditary legislature. At this unpleasant juncture, Sir Hardinge, the Secretary at War, rises and calls in the military; the act ends in a general row and the ignominious fall of Lord Liverpool, laid low by a brickbat from the mob.' The Englishmen of the French theatre, it was noted, wore almost invariably a red wig, leather gaiters, and 'a long white upper Benjamin.' In a play called 'Le Naufrage de la Méduse,' the deck of an English ship of war was represented, where all the English officers 'appeared in light blue or green coats (the lamplight prevented our distinguishing the color accurately) and *top boots*!'

Advances in Education.

[From *The New York Times*.]

THE thirteenth annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education, covering the year 1883, now nearly ready for binding in the Government Printing-Office, gives, as is usual in these publications, a large amount of information on a variety of topics, many of them interesting to the general reader, while especially valuable to teachers and other professional educators. It is a volume of over 1100 pages, and comprises three distinct parts, the report proper of the Commissioner, and an appendix, of which about one half is devoted to statistical tables, covering the whole educational field, public and private. The other half of the appendix gives a brief account of the educational affairs of each State and Territory, as gleaned from printed reports, beginning with a summary of educational statistics and a statement of the main features of the school laws, and including, among other topics, an account of the school systems in all the principal cities, of public high schools, academies, colleges, and universities, of scientific and professional schools, reform schools, institutions for the deaf and dumb and blind, and for idiots, and the meetings of educational associations, State and national.

The report proper of the Commissioner begins with a brief account of the work done in the office, in addition to the preparation of this volume, including, besides a large correspondence, the preparation and circulation of a number of 'circulars of information' and bulletins. Statistics are then given of the most important facts connected with the public schools—first for the country in general and then separately for each State and Territory. It appears that with a total school population of over 16,000,000 we had more than 10,000,000 of children enrolled in public schools, and over 6,000,000 in average daily attendance, under about 293,000 teachers, the whole cost of this immense system amounting to over \$91,000,000. More than half the number of teachers were women, and the proportion of women to men in this field continues to increase. It is encouraging to learn that there is an upward movement in teachers' salaries, 18 States reporting an increase in the pay of all their teachers, 4 in that of men only, and 1 in that of women.

The statistics of education in the South show that, with a white school population of over 4,000,000 and a colored of nearly 2,000,000, there were more than 2,000,000 white children and nearly 803,000 colored attending the public schools; the percentage of enrolment on the number of youth of a school age ranging from 36 to 73 for white children, and from 17 to 69 for colored. The increase in the number attending school during the year in the South has not kept pace with the increase in the number of school age, but the colored race was far behind the white in this respect. Still, the Commissioner thinks, there is no cause to be discouraged, for a comparison of the statistics of this year with those of past years shows a remarkable gain in

public school attendance in the South, as well as in the funds expended on public schools, facts which correspond to a radical change in the sentiments of the people, who, moreover, show a general disposition to deal impartially with both races in the matter of education. The much larger proportion of white children under instruction is accounted for by the poverty and irregular habits of the colored people, by the lack of school buildings for them, and the limited supply of teachers; but more especially by the lack of funds. In connection with this the need of the South for aid from the National Treasury in order to maintain an efficient school system is again urged by the Commissioner.

The whole number of colored pupils attending public schools in all portions of the country numbered over 834,000. There were also over 8000 colored pupils in normal schools, more than 6600 in academies, about 2300 in colleges, and over 800 studying theology, law, and medicine.

The number of kindergarten in the country has increased to 348 and their pupils to nearly 17,000. The principal growth of these schools is in the largest cities (where also they are most needed), more than one half of the entire number having been started in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco. Many of these schools are free—sustained for the benefit of the poorest classes of people by charitable individuals and associations. The report gives an account of work accomplished by several such societies in large cities, which will be read with special interest by all who appreciate the importance of taking care of the children.

The statistics show about 446,000, or [nearly] half a million of students, pursuing an education above and beyond the elementary schools. Of these nearly 300,000 attended academies, public high schools, and other schools, preparatory to college and commercial schools; about 50,000 were in normal schools and departments preparing to teach; upward of 93,000 attended collegiate institutions; nearly 16,000 were in scientific schools, and about 23,000 in schools of theology, law, and medicine. In all probability the number of students engaged in some of what are called the 'higher branches' would reach fully half a million, if we could count the thousands scattered throughout the country from Maine to California who were not reported to the Bureau of Education—students in schools, perhaps, which never heard of that office, or at home in connection with the Chautauqua or some other society for the promotion of home study.

Every year shows an increase in the number of women attending colleges and other schools that maintain high standards. The Commissioner evidently favors the co-educational side of the controversy, as to whether separate or identical provision is best for the two sexes in college. He says the West has given new evidence of the liberal policy that has led in the past to identical provision for both sexes in the leading colleges; that the advocates of equal provision in the East have labored with undiminished ardor to accomplish the desired end, but that no change has taken place since the last report in the attitude of any of the older Eastern colleges with reference to the admission of women. Still, the sentiment in favor of equal and identical provision for both sexes has, the Commissioner states, 'become deeper and more extended,' and he thinks that 'this is due in part to the statements of the Presidents of co-educational colleges as to the excellent results of the policy, but more to the effect produced by the subsequent careers of women graduates, who have interested themselves in movements for improving the living condition of our communities, for the relief of the poor, for the control of the lawless, for the care and instruction of neglected children, and who have brought to the discussion of these practical problems the force and methods of trained minds.' They have also associated themselves together for the purpose of assisting young women who are endeavoring to secure a collegiate education. The Woman's Education Association, Boston, has accomplished a great work in extending provision for the special training of women and in assisting them through undergraduate and post-graduate courses. Such assistance, the Commissioner says, is one of the most urgent needs of the time. As far as reported, about 40,000 young women were engaged in collegiate and scientific study; of these, upward of 29,000 were in 227 colleges exclusively for women (of which 142 were authorized to confer collegiate degrees), the remainder attended co-educational colleges and scientific schools.

Many persons will take special interest in the résumé which follows of the provision made for the higher instruction of women in foreign countries. Without going into particulars, for which there is not space here, it may be said that the Commissioner's report shows an advance in the sentiment favoring the higher education of women in nearly all the countries reporting.

In England, where there are a number of excellent colleges exclusively for them, they are also admitted to London University, Victoria University, and Royal University, the latter in Ireland, on equal terms with men; some other colleges open only a part of their courses to them, while old Cambridge and Oxford have not yet advanced from their conservative position of exclusion. The University of France opens to them all its courses, and the Society for the Professional Instruction of Women in Paris had 535 in its four schools during 1883. The Universities of Brussels, Liege, and Ghent are open to women, and in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Roumania, and Switzerland a similar liberal policy is pursued. Russia is the only country reporting which by law excludes women from university courses, and even here some provision has been made for the instruction of girls in literature and science in a school at St. Petersburg, where there is also a medical school for women.

The report groups in table 9 all colleges and universities exclusively for men, and all that admit both sexes. This table shows 365 institutions, with 64,000 students, under 4000 instructors, about half the students being engaged in collegiate studies, the other half in preparing for them. Among other subjects discussed during the year by Presidents and Faculties of colleges, the requirements for admission, elective and graduate studies, degrees and athletic sports are mentioned. The plan of receiving graduates of high schools on their diplomas is gaining ground, and uniform requirements for admission have been adopted by a number of Eastern colleges, including Harvard and Boston Universities, and Yale, Trinity, Amherst, and Dartmouth Colleges. Original research is becoming more generally recognized as a part of college work, Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities being especially active in this field. The study of political science, introduced into the University of Michigan in 1881, is now also a part of the course in Columbia and Cornell, the object being, in the words of President White, 'to send a considerable body of young men out into the world fitted to discuss political and social questions thoroughly and intelligently.' The grave subject of athletic sports appears to have received considerable attention, especially at Harvard, which institution, as *The Times's* readers may remember, was, with Yale College, described not inaptly by a foreigner, writing home, as 'boat clubs, where the people stay in the house in wet weather and read books.' Harvard, it appears, has adopted new rules in respect to athletics, among other things forbidding students to belong to a boat crew unless they can swim, to compete with professional sportsmen, or to receive professional trainers on the college grounds except by permission.

We are told that the interest in scientific and industrial education is increasing. The number of students (16,000) reported in scientific schools and State agricultural colleges was 3000 more than that of the previous year.

* The 5000 theological students belonged to 25 different religious denominations, the Roman Catholic, with 1000 students, being decidedly ahead in point of numbers. Students in law numbered 3000; those in medicine, dentistry and pharmacy, 15,000.

Among other interesting features of the report which can only be referred to here are a summary of education in foreign countries, a brief history of medical education in the United States with practical suggestions intended to secure the elevation of the standard of medical schools, and a compilation of the laws enacted by 16 States, 3 Territories, the District of Columbia, and 13 foreign countries intended to secure the attendance of children at school. The Commissioner devotes considerable space to the subject of technical instruction, quoting liberally from a report on that subject of the Royal (English) Commissioners, recently published, which will be found to be a valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject of industrial education. The report also treats of the education of the blind, the deaf, idiots, and orphans; the work of reform schools, educational benefactions, public libraries, the evils of over-study, and the necessity for preserving and cultivating forests. It concludes with a number of recommendations, including one for an increase in the number of clerks in the office, on the ground that its work cannot be properly done with the present limited force.

Current Criticism

ERRORS OF AUTHORS:—The errors committed by artists of every sort in depicting familiar sports prove that this kind of evidence is much less unimpeachable than archaeologists suppose when they are dealing with the testimony of Greek vase-painters. In fiction, we find that great man-at-arms, Captain Mayne Reid, describing a duel in which the hero practised the art of keeping

his sword-arm extended the whole time. It was not till the last phrase that, for the first time, he drew back his arm before thrusting. This strategy, which the good Captain clearly thought the height of science, would have given the victory to the villain. Ouida once more in her very latest work makes a Russian Prince and a French Duke choose a walled-in garden in Versailles as a good suitable place for a duel. Without an extensive acquaintance with the Code, we may presume that M. Fortuné du Boisgobey knows what he is about when he represents a duel in such conditions as a very dangerous and dubious affair indeed for the survivor. But the future archaeologist who bases his account of modern life, and especially of modern sport, on the evidence of Ouida, will indeed be misled and misleading. He might as well do his descriptions of battles after the fanciful pictures in the illustrated papers. These we can often tell to be wrong, because the troops do not even wear their proper dress or accoutrements. We know that Kingsley was nodding when he represented boating-men, during the race week, training on dessert and eggs-and-sherry. But we cannot check Homer's description of armor or the drawings of the vase-painters, though the painter of a Panathenaic vase must have been mistaken, surely, when he drew the runners in a footrace swinging their arms over their heads as they ran! Novels, sketches, caricatures, in our own day, abound with errors due to the ignorance of the artist, and probably potters were no wiser in the time of Pericles.—*The Saturday Review*.

MR. RUSKIN ON SAINTS:—In thus describing what a real saint is, Mr. Ruskin has told us also not indeed 'how such sort of men and women can be made if we want them,' but why it is that they are so seldom found. Circumstances are against the saints. Mr. Ruskin says with equal feeling and humor that his favorite heroine, his mother, would most certainly have been a saint, 'but for my father and me.' 'I have friends whose cheerfulness (Mr. Ruskin adds) it would grieve me to exchange for more devotional behavior, and others whose faults I should miss if they were wholly washed away. But so it is, that the white robes of daily humanity are always in some way or other a little the worse for the wear; and to keep them wholly unspotted from the world, and hold the cross in the right hand and the palm in the left, steadily through all the rough walking of it, is granted to very, very few creatures that live by breath and bread.' That is the pity of it—that there are so many later-born Theresas (will Mr. Ruskin pardon us for quoting from one of George Eliot's 'foul fictions?') who alternate between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood, and 'whose loving hearts beat and sob after an unattained goodness, tremble off, and are dispersed among hindrances instead of centring in some long recognizable deed.' And so it is well, perhaps, that 'the lives good for most people and intended for them are the lives of sheep and robins; and they may be thankful that they have fields to lie down in and banks to build nests in, and are not called by Heaven to the sorrow of its thrones. . . The world could no more go on with all its heroes in sackcloth than with all its mountains in snow.' Only (and here is the conclusion of the whole matter, with which we may take leave of Mr. Ruskin) 'don't let the glory of the celestial virtue be lost to us, because we are generally not expected ourselves to be better than our dogs and horses.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

AMERICAN HUMOR IN ENGLAND:—The adaptation Mr. Augustin Daly has made of Franz von Schonthan's 'Der Schwabenstreich' is said to have been given nearly five hundred times on the other side of the Atlantic, and may probably, therefore, be accepted as a favorable specimen of American work. If so, it can only be said that these matters are better ordered in England. Some allowance must, no doubt, be made for the fact that English and American audiences look at the same thing with different eyes. An American heroine may appear altogether charming to her countrymen, while she seems to Englishmen not free from vulgarity and affectation; just as to Americans an English heroine may seem tame and insipid. In appreciation of what is genuinely humorous, however, the Englishman is not behind the American, even when the humor is of a distinctly Transatlantic description. This is certainly so in literature apart from the stage. The whole tribe of American humorists, Hans Breitmann, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the rest, have been welcomed and enjoyed at least as much here as in the States; and there is no reason why an American play should not create as favorable an impression as an American book, supposing each to have equal merit.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

THE INTERESTING announcement is made by Messrs. Harper & Bros. of a new and complete edition of the poems of Tennyson, with a biographical introduction by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and illustrated with several portraits. This edition will include all the early poems omitted from the recent editions. Indeed, every poem referred to in the bibliographies will be found here, many of them being reprinted from annuals and other forgotten publications preserved in the British Museum and elsewhere. An important feature will be a complete index, giving the date of each edition of Lord Tennyson's poems.

—'The Bassett Claim,' by Henry R. Elliott, will be the next volume in Putnam's Transatlantic Series.

—There is, we are told, a 'misunderstanding in the popular mind respecting the editorship of the *Toronto Week*. The paper is edited by Mr. W. Philip Hamilton, who succeeded Mr. C. G. D. Roberts in its management last March.

—Mr. George Kennan, well known as an expert in Arctic matters, has left the Associated Press bureau in Washington and gone to Russia to obtain literary material, and to continue his studies in the history of Siberia.

—Beginning with its September number, *The Century* will publish a series of illustrated untechnical articles on the most recent discoveries in the heavens. The first will be on sun-spots, by Professor Langley.

—On September 1, Mr. Whittaker will publish a volume of poems by Dr. J. H. Hartzell, entitled 'Wanderings on Parnassus,' and 'Touchstones; or, Christian Graces and Characters Tested.' He also announces a 'Pocket Parochial Register, or Rector's Private Record,' by the Rev. J. H. H. De Mille.

—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has written a very pretty poem on Brook Farm for the September *Harper's*, which will also contain a poem called 'Unchanged' by Mrs. John Bigelow.

—One of the prettiest guide-books we have seen this year is that which takes the tourist to 'Mt. McGregor.' It is well written, handsomely printed, and artistically illustrated. The drawings are from the pencil of Mr. Charles Graham. Mr. S. S. Conant has been inspired by the traditions of the mountain to write a poem called 'The Hermit's Lament,' which makes its first appearance in the pages of this pamphlet.

—'Shobab: A Tale of Bethesda,' by James A. Whitney, LL.D., has just been published by N. Tibbals & Sons, of this city.

—Ben Jonson's copy of 'The Faerie Queen,' 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' etc., with many annotations in 'rare Ben's' own hand, has recently been sold in London.

—William Morris, author of 'The Earthly Paradise,' has issued a prose pæan of the coming triumph of socialism in England. He says that intelligent middle-class men are becoming socialists unknowingly, and that the only thing necessary to effect the ordered civilized revolution is the organized determination of workmen to nationalize the means of production and exchange.

—Mr. Edward Cook has retired from the firm of Jansen, McClurg & Co.

—'A History of the Four Georges,' by Justin McCarthy, is in the press of Harper & Bros. The same firm also announce a volume of short stories by Mrs. Craik; 'Love and Mirage; or, Waiting on the Island,' an anonymous novel; 'The Voyage of the Vivian to the North Pole and Beyond,' by T. W. Knox; 'The Ice-Queen,' by Ernest Ingersoll (in *Harper's Young People* Series), and Leopold von Ranke's 'The Oldest Group of Nations and the Greeks.'

—Mr. Mather, who was sent to this country by the Royal Commissioners of Technical Instruction to report upon technical education in the United States and Canada, has done so, much to the annoyance of Mr. James H. Riggs, who answers him at length in *The Contemporary Review* for August. Mr. Riggs thinks that Mr. Mather must be sorely ignorant of the workings of English public schools, as he 'does not note any of the things in which England is superior to America' but only those 'as to which English people have "something to learn, not to condemn." ' Worse than all, Mr. Mather has 'never come in sight' of the 'very important and suggestive fact that the American common schools are characteristically the schools of a middle-class nation intended chiefly for the children of farmers and store-keepers, while English public schools are characteristically schools intended for the benefit of a vast working-class population.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 771.—Who is the author of the poem in which the following lines occur?

Love is the invisible, golden thread, that holds
This pendent world secure to Heaven's base—
Finer than finest hair, yet stronger far
Than mighty Atlas, whose broad shoulders bent
And failed beneath the weight.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

K. O. M.

No. 772.—1. What is the origin of the term 'red-letter days'? 2. Is Mr. Ernest Ingersoll a son of Robert G. Ingersoll, the average modern sceptic's high priest? 3. Which of Sir Walter Scott's novels would, presumably, by a vote of the English-speaking world be pronounced his master-work?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

FRANK P. RENO.

[1. 'A red-letter day is a fortunate or auspicious day, so called because the holidays, or saints' days, were marked in the old calendars with red letters.' 2. No. 3. 'Ivanhoe.']

No. 773.—I have a copy of 'Designs by Mr. R. Bentley, for six Poems by Mr. T. Gray,' published in London in 1753. Is the book valued by collectors? and what price would it bring? It is complete except the leather lids, the binding being strong and secure. The 'Elegy' is contained in the volume.

LEXINGTON, VA.

K. C. B.

[It is a book quite out of print, but neither very scarce nor very rare. Copies are often quoted in English catalogues for £1. At auction in this country it has been known to bring as much as seven dollars.]

No. 774.—Will you please quote the poem containing the appended lines and say who wrote it?

'Where did you get your eyes so blue?'
'I got them from Heaven as I passed through.'

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

J. VAN H.

[We will say who wrote it, but we will not quote it: it is too long. It was written by Dr. George MacDonald.]

No. 775.—1. Who is the author of 'Modern Christianity a Civilized Heatenism'? 2. Who is Emma Leslie, author of a series of Church History Novels? What is the value of her novels as truthful portrayments of historical characters and events? 3. Who is the author of 'Philochristus'? 4. Has the authorship of 'Supernatural Religion' ever been determined? 5. Please translate the following words from Goethe—one of the mottoes of *The Westminster Review*: 'Bährheitsliebe zeigt sich bariu, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu fördern weiß.'

YATESVILLE, PA.

J. A. F.

[1. The author of 'Dame Europa's School.' 3. Edwin Abbott. 4. Yes. 5. 'Love of truth shows itself in this, that one is able everywhere to find the good, and prize it.']

No. 776.—Wanted: The address of the *Reformed (Church) Quarterly Review*. I can't find it in Rowell's Newspaper Directory.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. M. G.

No. 777.—1. Is not Worcester's system of pronunciation the same as that of the Imperial Dictionary? 2. Why do American educators quote Webster as the authority, when he is often at variance with the leading English lexicographers?

SOUTH HERMITAGE, PA.

C. L. C.

[1. No. The pronunciation of the Imperial differs from that of Worcester in both its notation and the rendering of many individual words. Whether it more nearly agrees with Worcester than with Webster is a question which we cannot answer off-hand. It differs widely enough from both. 2. Because Webster is at least supposed to follow, or lead, the best American usage. Whether such usage ought with us to take precedence of English usage is a question which you must think out for yourself.]

ANSWERS.

No. 684.—My mother, Mrs. Caroline Gilman, now ninety years of age, tells me that she began as early as 1830 to edit a paper (weekly) for children, called *The Rose Bud*, in Charleston, S. C. This was two years or more, I think, after Mrs. Lydia Maria Child began editing *The Juvenile Miscellany* in Boston. Mrs. Gilman composed nearly every article, poetry and prose, herself, for two years, after which she had assistance in a few things. Finally, after six years, *The Rose Bud* blossomed into *The Southern Rose*, for maturer minds. My mother assures me that nothing before these above-mentioned journals was printed in this country for children especially. Her paper was subscribed for in many States, both in the North and South. You will find an account of her life in the 'Encyclopedia Americana,' and in Griswold's 'Female Poets of America.'

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ELIZA W. LIPPITT.

No. 769.—'No Sect in Heaven' was written by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Cleveland (née Jocelyn), wife of the Rev. J. B. Cleveland, of North Granby, Conn.

NEW YORK CITY.

W. B. H.